

IDH 3034

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### Obsessions Part 2

She lays on her huge bed. The only few remnants of the life she use to have. She covers herself with the blue blanket. Looking around at all the space she has left she remembers her granddaughter. The last time she came here was... she doesn't even remember the last time her granddaughter visited her, or called her. The clock strikes 7 pm and she knows its time for her pills. She swallows one by one.

Depression pills. Two a day, two keep the ache away.

Headache pill. She doesn't even have a headache right now, but it will probably come, it always comes as the night turns dark and the ghosts arrive.

Bone pill. They say they make her stronger, they only make her sleep. They say she will get more powerful but all she really wants to do is fade away.

Sleeping pill. Melatonin for the bad dreams, they always keep her awake. Her mother touches her shoulder waking her up, her son clings at her, and her granddaughter waves her away. She can't deal with them today.

The phone rings, its Jose calling. She brightens up and answers.

*"Mom how are you?"*

*"Mi Hijo! Im okay, you know this old age is killing me slowly, my bones ache, my head is killing me, the ai-"*

*"Oh good, mom I just wanted to check up on you. I am late for a meeting."*

*"Okay Love you"*

The line goes silent. Her "I love you" unanswered, her breathe trapped in the middle of phone lines and messages going wire. Different people answering and responding and all she got was two minutes.

Her son lives in Miami, her granddaughter too. They don't see each other often though, they live separate lives. She doesn't even know what her granddaughter is majoring or who she is dating. Maybe she was a horrible mother, she remembers how she used to scream at her own mother

from time to time. This was probably karma, she missed her mother. She missed her screams, she missed being loved. If she ever was.

Her bones ache and the melatonin doesn't work. She is wired up at one in the morning with the television on to keep her company. The news and her crime shows have become her best friends. As the human ones have slowly died and are now buried under ground, just like her German family, just like the millions the war killed. All burdens for her to carry, all skeletons in her closet. She opens her closet and dust comes out, bones and worms come out too. That is her life now a slow decay of waiting for death to knock on her door. A slow withering away. The slow tick of time as one breath goes silent and she goes unnoticed.

She wonders why she spent so many days giving Jose money. Giving him trips to Aruba and Europe. She should have hugged him one more time, she should have taught him how to love. Maybe like that he wouldn't be divorced two times, almost at his third wedding with a girl who probably is after his money. Maybe that would leave him taking care of his daughter rather than hating on her ex wife. Maybe she should have taught him how to forgive. However much she tries, the hate is stuck to her bones and they keep piling up in her closet of skeletons.